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THE ONE CERTAINTY.

Lightly I hold my life with little dread,
And little hope for what may spring therefrom.
But live like one that builds his Summer's home
For coolness on a dried-up river bed.
And takes no thought for frescoed blue or red,
To paint the walls, and plans no golden dome,
Knowing the flood, when Autumn rains are come,
Shall roll its raving waters overhead.

And wherefore should I plant my ground and sow?
Since, though I know not of the day or hour,
The Conquerer comes at last, the alien foe
Shall come to my defenceless place in power,
With force, with arms, with ruinous overthrow,
Taking the goods I gathered for his dower.

The Sister of Mercy.

In the chamber on the first floor in the Avenue Montaigne, a woman was dying. From the apartment itself, which was almost empty, it would be difficult to discover to what class of society the dying woman belonged. The salon was empty. Not a single piece of furniture remained in it. Some old blue velvet curtains were still hanging at the windows, doubtless because the brokers had disdained to take them. It was old velvet, yellow at every crease, and eaten away by dust. In what had been the dining room, there remained only a dilapidated cane-seated chair and a little table of white wood, covered with bottles of all kinds. On the floor were two or three dirty towels, still wet, a sponge and a chipped salad bowl, that served as a washing basin.

The bed-room was evidently the only room that the bailiffs had spared. There, a threadbare carpet still covered the floor. At the foot of the bed was a large arm-chair placed as if it were a sentry-box. The stuff curtains had been left, but a practiced eye would have seen by the rents in the muslin curtains that a rapacious hand had torn away the lace.

Two billets of wood were smoking sadly in the fireplace, having for sole companion a kettle, from which emerged two or three leaves covered with a white foam. The room was lighted from a sanded courtyard in the midst of which a close-cropped grass plot humiliated itself at the foot of an acacia. The leaves had fallen; the black, gnarled branches, twisted into knots, were waiting for the rays of spring in order to put on a little verdure.

"Madeleine," murmured the sick woman, "I am thirsty."

A woman of some fifty years, who was standing by the window, came up to the bedside and poured a few drops of potion into a glass. Then she raised the head of her mistress, approaching the glass to her lips, and said:

"Does Madame la Comptesse suffer much?"

"Yes, there is fire there," replied the sick woman, placing an emaciated hand on her breast.

The woman, who was dying thus in a deserted and desolate room, was no other than the Comptesse de San Castelli, about whom there was so much talk a few years ago. Now, of her past luxury, there remained only an Indian shawl of a reddish brown, embroidered with gold, in which she wrapped herself up for want of a bed-cover.

The success of the Countess in the world of fashion had not been forgotten, and more than one European Prince still keeps a medallion in which the features of the fallen idol have remained young and smiling. To-day her black hair seems to fatigue her enfeebled head with its weight; life has already retreated from her hollow cheeks and pale brow. A dry and jerky cough tears her bosom; at the age of thirty-five death has marked her as his own.

A sovereign, who had enriched her, had left before her for the regions where go the souls of those who have souls. The Prince X., her third loved, has ruined himself and disappeared. The Banker L., who had given the Countess her hotel in the Avenue Jena, can no longer even pay his margins at the Bourse. It is only by a miracle that he has been able to escape the hand of the law. He was not declared a bankrupt personally, but the company that he directed has gone to join the swarm of companies that are of no account. Raoul is in Africa with his regiment; Gontran is married; Adrien has disappeared. A hurricane of ruin has blown upon all her old adorers. The two or three who have held out have been wearied by repeated requests for money; another is placed in such an elevated position that he is unapproachable.

The Countess has sold her jewels, one by one, and after her jewels her toilets, and after her toilets her furniture.

She has still but one only friend, Dr. D——, whose fortune she made, but Dr. D—— himself, whose fortune has been encroached upon by unlucky speculations, has scarcely anything to live upon but the income obtained from his practice. Still he comes to see the Countess every morning, and after each visit he leaves a louis on the corner of the chimney piece. It is this daily louis that has hitherto kept the Countess and her chambermaid.

Madeleine, who has seen the horses and arriages and diamonds, who remembers the days when the Countess had fifteen servants and fifty admirers, cannot believe that these times will not return.

As for the husband of the Countess, he never knew his wife. The marriage was arranged by the Prince de M——, and a post of three thousand francs a year was given to the ruined descendant of a great family in exchange for his title. He saw his wife during the marriage ceremony, then he took possession of his post, and sometimes read with mediocre interest in the newspapers that the Comtesse de San Castelli was obtaining great success at St Petersburg and at Paris.

It did not seem to him that she was his wife, and when he was questioned on the subject the Count replied coldly:

"I believe that she is a relation who has turned out badly.

Madeleine had passed more that thirty nights in the large arm-chair at the foot of her mistress' bed. The doctor said: "That woman needs rest. There are Sisters of Charity who have imposed upon themselves the mission of watching over the sick. I will send one here to-night."

At six o'clock a little sharp and rattling noise was heard, produced by a bell-rope pulling a broken spring. Madeleine went and opened the door. The Sister of Charity followed her.

"Here are the potions," said Madeleine, "this one every ten minutes, that one every hour. There is still a little wood in the corner."

Madeleine went to share the bed of a chambermaid, a friend of hers, who lodged in a neighboring hotel, and the Sister of Charity took her seat at the foot of the bed.

Mme. de San Castelli asked to drink. She sister raised her head gently; then the sick woman, instead of drinking, fixed her large black eyes on the face of the Sister.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Eighteen years, madame."

The Countess murmured to herself: "Eighteen years!" drank greedily, and resumed, as she let her head fall back on the pillow:

"Do you know that I am going to die?"

"They did not tell me so, Madame; perhaps there is still a possibility of saving you."

"Saving me!" cried the Countess, with irony, "and why? Life means youth and beauty. I am already dead, my child."

The Sister opened the book of her order which she had brought with her and began to read.

This young girl had the most charming face that artist ever dreamed of. Hers was an improbable beauty, shining forth with sweetness and holiness. The white band that confined her pure ivory brow hid her hair, leaving visible only her eyebrows, which might have been traced with Indian ink, so delicate and correct were their lines.

The Comtesse de San Castelli contemplated her with admiration and envy. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Are your vows eternal?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What is your name?"

"Sister Rose de Lima."

"But your family name?"

"It is forbidden us to reveal it, Madame."

"Why?"

"It is the rule of the order."

"Still, you may tell me if you have any parents?"

"None, Madame."

"Your mother?"

"I never knew her."

"Your father?"

"He is dead."

Wearied with so persistent an investigation Sister Rose de Lima asked gently if she would have a little tisane.

"No, thank you," replied the countess, and then suddenly she added: "You are more dead than I am, young girl! Tomorrow, perhaps, a spadeful of earth will bury even my memory, but I have had of life all that life can give. You will only have known walls, bars and silence—dry bread, prayers and austerity. When I entered a salon I used to raise a murmur of admiration as I passed along. I have made queens and princesses weep with rage. The horses pranced at my door and adorers crowded my staircase. I have worn on my brow a diamond that Semiraimus would have envied, and I have melted more pearls than Cleopatra. Noise, movement, luxury, flattery; all that I have exhausted, without departing from an inflexible motto: 'Shine, seduce, and love not.' Poor young girl, you might have all that if you wished—"

The Sister of Charity rose:

"What are you talking about, Madame? Do you not see what these vanities are? You have had all that, and I am happier than you are. If I had need of consolation, the history of Mary, the sister of Martha, would suffice. For me a contemplative life has replaced an active life. In the depths of my solitude I love to lose myself in mute adoration, and I forget the world that passes in view of the world which does not pass."

The voice of the young nun had assumed a sonority full of enthusiasm.

"Just now," she added, "you spoke to me of my father. I received his last sigh and his last benediction. I cultivate that cherished souvenir like a precious plant, and I should fear to see it withered outside of the retreat that I have chosen

Mme. de San Castilli interrupted her:

"Vanities, did you say? And what is life without its cortege of pleasures? In human passions there is sometimes a mixture of the gigantic. To be beautiful is to reign. A cavalier who loved me killed himself at my feet; he gave me there what he would have given to no other. I have been adored like a goddess of antiquity. To make one's self the rival of God is something high and terrible. Little as our life is, it is enlarged by pleasures, and takes a peculiar importance by the profusion of our disdains and the number of our victims!"

Sister Rose de Lima placed her hands on the Countess' lips as if to arrest her words.

"You are feverish," she said. "You blaspheme and pain me."

Mme. de San Castelli seemed to reflect.

"Nevertheless, I have loved. I have loved once in my life. I was sixteen. What has become of him? I was carried away in the whirlpool of life. But if he were here my life would be sweeter. Open that casket, I pray you, Sister. Here are my papers—My certificate of birth—Florence, 10 October—Maria Theodora Dasti."

The Sister advanced slowly toward the bed, holding out her hands.

"The man whom you loved," she murmured, "was named Gabriel?"

"Yes," cried the dying woman, "Gabriel de Beryls. How do you know that?

"It was he who brought me up."

"Your father?"

"Gabriel de Beryls."

The Countess continued wildly:

"You were born in Italy. He brought you to France after my treason—and he is dead!"

The poor woman sobbed. Sister Rose de Lima had fallen on her knees and hidden her face in her hands. The Countess seized her and covered her with feverish, passionate kisses.

"You did not, then, know who I was when you came here?"

"My father never pronounced the name of Castelli."

"True; for him I was never anything but Theodora Dasti. But tell me, how did he die? What did he say?"

"He died with one hand in mine and the other in that of his best friend—an old man—a priest."

The Countess raised up her daughter.

"You are my redemption," she cried "I die in peace. Go, fetch me that old man."

—An English firm sold 8000 fireproof safes in Turkey before it was ascertained that the filling was only sawdust.

The Water Lily.

Down in the depths of the river near the shore where the mud and slime were not swept away by the current, grew a humble plant. The flags pressed about it, and thrust their leaves like green swords through the water up into the brightness and pure air, and the eel-grass made a tangled network above it. No one expected the little plant to amount to much.

But lying there in the ooze, it thought: "The water is luminous over my head. There is more brightness above than I have had. The flags and the rushes swaying and fluttering up there whisper together of the warm south wind, the gray clouds, and the glory of the sun. If I only could rise! If I only could!"

By-and-by the plant sent forth a leaf, an odd, round thing like a fan, and slowly it lifted the leaf on the summit of its flexible stem toward the surface of the water.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the polliwogs, flouncing by, "what a droll leaf! When it gets to the surface, and we are froge, 'twill be a fine seat for us while we sing, 'Trick-sa-trix, Trick-sa-trix,' and our old papa plays the trombone."

"Pray, don't be too pushing," said the duckweed. "You're as well off as the rest of us. A plant of your condition ought to be modest. Don't be too pushing; no good will come of it."

The humble plant gave no heed to its neighbors' comments, but patiently lifted the round leaf a little higher each day. One morning it felt a strange electric thrill. The leaf had reached the surface of the river, and the sun shone upon it; and the tall flags parted a little to make room, while they whispered kindly "Good morning, neighbor."

Soon the humble plant found a round, green ball in its bosom.

"Ah! this is a bud," it said to itself. "It shall go up to my happy leaf, and there expand the loveliness I know is hidden within it.

Patiently as it had lifted the leaf the plant lifted the bud toward the sunshine.

The dreamy summer day went by, and at last the round bud opened its sepals, and like a radiant, golden-hearted star of snow, a blossom lay upon the river and looked into the sky. The red-winged blackbirds flitting to and fro among the flags, sang of it; the south wind breathed its spicy fragrance; the tall flags whispered: "How beautiful! how beautiful!" and the hope of the humble plant was fulfilled.

Bertram Krause was the son of a poor laborer. His father wanted him to become a smith.

"Ah! now, if Bertram could shoe an ox, or mend a cart-wheel, that's all I'd ask," he would say.

But Bertram had different aspirations for himself. He wished to become an artist and paint great pictures like those in the cathedral, into which he often stole to dream and hope.

With a bit of charcoal he could sketch anything, and the lads thought it fine sport to be his models; but his father declared such idling wicked, and said:

"Who are you, Bertram Krause, to despise honest work such as your father has done all his life? You will never be worth your salt."

One day, Bertram went to the river bank to cut flags. He worked industriously all the morning, and at noon, when he sat down upon the shore to eat his bread and cheese, he was hot, and after he had eaten he stretched himself upon the grass and fell asleep. When he awoke the first thing he saw was a water-lily shining white among the flags.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "Hurrah! a water lily!" and quickly springing up, he waded into the water and picked it. With the blossom came the long, trailing stem, the mud and slime still clinging to it. "This beauty is lowly born," he thought, as he smelled its spicy fragrance, and with that thought a plan and a hope came into his mind.

His mother was a quiet woman, who had learned to watch and wait, and she sympathized with, and encouraged his dreams. To her he went with his plan, and she procured for him a sheet of coarse paper and some crayons.

With all the skill he had, he drew a sketch of the river, the flags and the water lily amidst them and when it was done he carried it tremblingly to a great artist in the city.

Years rolled away and at the yearly art exhibition at Munich a picture appeared representing a summer sky, a tangle of reeds and flags, a stretch of sullen river, and upon the grassy shore a ragged barefoot boy who was holding a water lily at which he gazed with a look of love and joy.

"That," said an artist, "is by the celebrated Bertram Krause, and is called the dawn of hope."

Supporting the Guns.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us make us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets plash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat—misses just one cog in the wheel—and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking through the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses can not be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whisling grape shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamps, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than three thousand muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and no where on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns can not move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Aerial Navigation.

A Spanish Artillery officer has constructed a new Aerial machine. The machine, which is of considerable extension horizontally, but of very small vertical dimensions, can de made to ascend or descend at pleasure, and can, according to the statement of the inventor, be turned in any required direction. It consists of two air-bags, as they are called by the inventor, one of which is filled with hydrogen gas and the other with compressed air. When the latter is so far filled that its weight, together with that of the car and its load, exactly counterbalances the lifting power of the former, the machine naturally will neither rise nor fali. If the compressed air is allowed to escape from its bag the whole weight will be reduced and the machine will rise, the altitude it will attain depending upon the amount of compressed air liberated. If, on the other hand, it is desired to make the machine descend, air can, by a simple mechanical contrivance, be pumped into the compressed air-bag until the total weight of the machine exceeds the buoyancy or lifting power of the hydrogen bag. To change the direction of the machine a rudder is provided, to be worked by a small steam-engine, while by a simple arrangement the position of the center of gravity of the whole apparatus can be altered so that the resistance of the air shall affect the machine in the most favorable manner possible. The machine, in fact, is designed to act in the same way that a bird does. When a bird wishes to change the direction of its flight it lowers one wing and raises the other, and as it works the latter rapidly and diminishes the speed of its flight, the resistance of the air on the oblique surface presented to it turns the bird around into the required course. In the new aerial machine this principle is applied; but whether it will be possible to overcome the difficulties which may arise remains to be seen.

A Salt Old Joke.

Sailors are proverbially jovial; but they are generally a contented, unambitious class and do not seek to go out of the narrow and beaten track of the past for their amusement. Moreover they are loyal to traditions of the sea and would prefer a joke three hundred years old, provided it had done regular duty during all that time, to the choicest selection in the finest original stock that could be set before them. This is not as strange as it might be, for the sailor's life is not a very varied one, and he misses the myriad suggestions that excite and stimulate the fancy of the landsman. The sailor is a practical joker, but his range is about as limited as that of the last surviver of the crew of the Nancy Bell, who would "sit and croak, and a single joke he had, which was to say," &c. The sailor lovs his single joke and he practices it at odd intervals whenever he finds time Langing heavily upon his hands. It may be called the bottle joke, and the jolly tars are not as simple as they may seem in repeating what we might suppose would be too familiar by this time to deceive any one. But the reverse is the fact. Landlubbers are easily impressed by the mysteries of old ocean, and whenever a fresh tale of woe in its water-proof case of a depleted grog bottle is cast overboard, the chances are that it will in time find its way into wandering circles ready to believe anythings that comes back by this roundabout route from those who go down to the sea in ships. As long as this ancient sell does its work, why should the sailor fret his brains to devise anything new for the mystification of credulous and superstitous landsmen?

A Poetic License Wanted.

He was a tall, square man, with a sharp, sunburned nose, and an unshaven face. He wore a chip hat, well sweated through in front, with a rim turned down all around, and a dark, narrow bit of braid for a band. His butternut pants were neatly tuckled into his cowhide boots, and the thumbs of his bronzed hands were thrust into the arm holes of his vest. He entered the Mayor's office with the air of a man of business, and marching up to his Honor, said, inquringly:

"Be you the Mayor?"

"Yes, I have that honor."

"Well, I want a license for my daughter, Maria Jane."

"Ah, I see; your daughter is about to get married and you wish to procure a marriag licensee. We do not issue those papers here. You must go over on the north side to the county building."

"No, 'squire, you are mistaken—as much mistaken as if you had burnt your last shirt or had accidhntally got into the wrong pew in meeting; but Maria Jane doesn't want a license to get married, not by no means—not by more than considerable. She is a darned smart girl, if she is my daughter, and if I do say it, as hadn't ought to. She has been keepin' school and boarding round up in the persimmon deestrict and writing verses for the Summerfield *Weekly Bugle*. She thinks now of givin' up teachin' and devotin' her hull time to literary persoots, and, 'squire, as I'm a law-abidin' man and loyal to the core—three of my boys went clean through to the sea with Sherman—'squire, and I want to do the business for the girl on the square, and so I called to take out a poetic license for Maria Jane. You see, Will Morrison, who has been to college, told Maria that anybody must have a license before he writ much poetry."

Here the Mayor's face turned very red, as if suffering from some intense internal emotion, and it was observed that his eyes were suffused with tears. His secretary suddenly approached the window and gazed abstractedly out upon the trees in the tubs, whose emerald branches were gracefully swaying in the summer breeze in front of the saloons across the way. The former fixed his curious eyes upon the Mayor for a moment, who finally sufficiently recovered himself to say:

"My dear sir, your daughter needs no license to write poetry. She can write as much as ever she pleases, and it will be all right."

His Telephone.

"I guess I have to give up my delephone already," said an old citizen on Gratiot avenue, Detroit, recently, as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! efrytings. I got dot delephone in mine house so as I could spheak mit der poys in der saloon down town, and mit my relations in Springwells, but I haf to gif it up. I never haf so much droubles."

"How?"

"Vhell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he rings der pell und calls me oop und says an old frent of mine vhants to see how she works. Dot ish all right. I say: "Hello!" und he says: "Come closer." I goes closer and helloes again. Den he says: "Sthand a little off." I sthand a little off und yells vunce more, und he says: Spheak louder." It goes dot vay for ten minutes, und den he says: "Go to Texas, you old Dutchmans!" You see?"

"Yes."

"And den my bruddir in Springwells he rings de pell und calls me oop und says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: "Who vhants to buy some goats?" I say: "Colts—colts—colts!" und he answers: "Oh! coats, I thought you saidt goats." Vhen I goes to ask him if he feels petter I hears a voice crying out. "Vhat Dutchman ish dot on dis line!" "I doan' know, but I likes to punch his head!" You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somedimes my vhife vhants to spheak mit me vhen I am down der saloon. She rings mein pell und I says, "Hellow!" Nopody spheaks to me. She rings again, und I says "Hello!" like dunder! Den der Central Office tells me go aheadt, und den tells mein vhife dot I am gone avhay. I yells oudt dot ish not so, und somepody says, "How can I talk if dot old Dutchmans doan' keep sthill!" You see?"

"Yes."

"And vhen I gets in pedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house vas on fire, und ven I schumps oudt und says hello, I hear somepody saying: "Kaiser, doan't you vhant to puy a dog?" I vhants no dog, und when I tells 'em so, I hear some beobles laughing "Haw? haw! haw! You see.

"Yes."

"Und so you dake it oudt, und vhen somepody likes to spheak mit me dey shall come right avay to mein saloon. Oof my brudder ish sick he shall get petter, und if somebody vhants to puy me a dog, he shall come vh[illegible]can punch him mit a glub!"

Fishing for Monkeys.

Walking careless ythrough their haunts I strewed some grain upon a place, on which I dug with my knife a few round holes about four inches deep. Coming back to the spot in half an hour I dropped a grain into each hole and left a noose round one of them, concealed with earth. The other end of the line was in a bush. I was there in a short time, and monkeys were busy picking the grain. An old fellow would look into a hole and chatter; others came and looked and all chattered. By and-by a plucky little fellow popped in his paw, and out again. Next time he got the corn, then others dipped in till they finished that hole. In due course they got to the noose, with some chatter and the same results till the line was pulled. A sudden scream, a general bustle while the captive was hauled home and enveloped in a horse-rug. By this time the troop ran up in the trees, screaming and shaking the boughs most Gerociously, following me as I went away, with the lost one kicking till he was tired. I believe this noose plan is frequently practiced. I once caught a monkey on the Trimluck Hill Fort that fell down the face of the scarps, knocking his head against projections till he was brought up with a thud on a slab. He was nearly senseless when I picked him up. No bones were broken. In a few minutes I let him go to his relations, who had never ceased, letting him know where they were. He crawled quietly up the scarp rock, and seemed to be received with anger. Possibly they only wished to know what had been said to him by the fellow without a tail.

Talking Twenty-six Hours.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, named De Cosmos. It was in the interests of settlers, who were to be defrauded of their lands. De Cosmos was in the hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session. Unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day the act of confiscation would fall. The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor about 10 o'clock A. M. and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by 1 or 2 P. M. he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and went, and De Cosmos was still speaking, Two o'clock—he was saying, "In the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak until noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and the weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from the subject; no sitting down. Twilight darkened, the gas was lit, members slipped out to supper in relays and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The speaker to whom he was addressing himself was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look awake. Day dawned, and a majority of the members slipped out to breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it; repetitions also. But the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence; and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a whisper, his eyes were sunken, bleared and blood-shot, his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands.

Jewish Coins.

The New York collection is chiefly interesting as showing how the coins—from the first, struck Simon Maccabæus, from 140 to 37 B. C., to those coined after the revolts which gave Rome power in the Holy Land—improved in artistic qualities. The silver shekels and the divisions of that coin struck by the Maccabees were rude and bore no figures or images, it being forbidden by the Jewish religion to have images or "Idols," on the coins. This shekel was the first coined money of the Jews, though it existed as a value and was mentioned in the Bible before this time. It was upon the coin of Herod Agrippa, the rule of whose family succeeded from B. C. 37 to A. D. 100, that the umbrella first appeared. Of the coins of the Roman Procurators, those of Pontius Pilate are chief They bore the head of the Emperor Vespasian, and were commemorative of the captivity of Judea. Then followed in order the coins of the second revolt in 97 A. D. With these Jewish coins of silver and bronze Mr. Feuardent has arranged several gold and silver pieces of the foreign neighbors of the Jews circulated as money among the Jews themselves after their return from Babylon. They bear most artistic designs, being portraits of the Emperors and figures of warriors on horseback, and show the greatest possible improvements in artistic work over the early Jewish coin.

Blacksmithing in Germany.

In the interior towns and villages of Germany, it has been the custom for many years for the farmer to purchase the iron for his tires and horseshoes, and in some instances, when having a new wagon built, to purchase all the iron entering into the same, the lengths of every piece being furnished him by the smith. One part of the contract is that the smith shall return to the farmer all ends and cuttings from the iron, and it frequently occurs that the farmer remains at the shop until the iron is all cut up, in order that the smith shall not indulge in too much cabbage. Each smith shop has what is termed "the hell," and in cutting off a set of tires, if the farmer be not present, the largest half of the end cut off finds its way to "the hell," the duty of putting it there devolving upon the youngest apprentice. From this always plentiful store the smith furnishes his materials for the manufacture of bolts, horseshoes, etc., for transient customers. The horse shoeing part is also a feature; the farmer will bring with him the end of some piece of iron or tire, with which to make the shoes, or perhaps a dozen or more old horseshoes to be converted into new ones. The farmer must blow the bellows until the work is forged or the shoes all made, and must then hold up the horse's foot while the shoes are being driven on or taken off, and invariably carries the old shoes home with him, unless he prefers to give the old shoes in payment for the apprentice's service in holding up the feet.

Walking-Sticks.

Walking-sticks for ladies, so we are told by an oracle of fashion, are coming into favor again. Thus does the whirligig of time bring round his revenge for a discarded custom. The Empress Eugenie made the carrying of canes fashionable for her sex during the gay days of the second Empire. But back in another century we find the women appreciative of the walking-stick. Ladies advanced in life walked with a staff between five and six feet in height, taper and slender in substance. turned over at the upper end in the manner of a shepherd's crook, and "twisted throughout the whole extent." Sometimes these wands were formed of palegreen glass, but oftener of wood, ivory, or whalebone. A writer of 1762, speaking of the most fashionable sticks of this period, says: "Do not some of us strut about with walkings-sticks as long as hickory poles, or else with a yard of varnished cane scraped taper, and bound at one end with a waxed thread. and the other tipped with a neat ivory head as big as a silver penny?" It is, indeed, as an appendage of personal utility that we regard the walking-sticks of modern times, though in all ages man has made the sons of the forest contribute to his support under weariness and old age.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1880.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column,..	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Prof. A. E. Gobble will preach next Sunday evening. There will also be preaching on Sunday afternoon on the camp ground below Aaronsburg.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Sunday School, 1 P. M.—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. Hummel will preach next Sunday morning,

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—German preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning, and in Millheim in the evening.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, N. G

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6¾ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.,

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. A, 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Official Director

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November.

President Judge—Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, Lock Haven.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. John H. Orvis, Bellefonte.
Associate Judges—Hons. Samuel Frank, John Dixon.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper.
Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—W. E. Burchfield.
Recorder of Deeds, &c.—William A. Tobias.
District Attorney—David F. Fortney.
Sheriff—John Spangler.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick.
County surveyor—Joseph Devling.
Coroner—Dr. Joseph Adams.
County Commissioners—Andrew Gregg, George Swab, Jacob Dunkle.
Clerk to County Commissioners—Henry Beck.
Attorney to County Commissioners—C. M. Bower.
Janitor of the Court House—Bartrim Galbraith.
County Auditors—James T. Stewart, George R. Williams, Thomas B. Jamison.
Jury Commissioners—John Shannon, David W. Kline.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Prof. Henry Meyer.

Centre County Democratic Committee for 1880.

DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N. W.,	Wm. Galbraith,...	Bellefonte
" S. W....	W C Heinle.....	"
" W W....	Wm Harper.....	"
Milesburg.....	Frank E Bible...	Milesburg
Unionville.....	P J McDonnell,..	Unionville
Howard	A J Gardner.....	Howard
Philipsburg.....	C G Herlinger...	Philipsb'g
Millheim.....	I H Reifsnyder..	Millheim
Benner.....	Uriah Stover....	Bellefonte
Boggs.....	Jas A McClain...	Milesburg
Burnside.....	Wm Hepple.....	Pine Glenn
College.....	Sam'l Gilliland..	Boalsburg
Curtin.....	David Delong...	Howard
Ferguson, O. P.....	Dan Driebelbis..	State Col.
" N. P.....	O M Sheets.....	Stormston
Gregg.....	L M Rishel.....	Spring M's
Haines.....	George Keister..	Aaronsb'g
Halfmoon.....	John Ward.....	Stormsto'n
Harris.....	Sam'l Ishler.....	Boalsburg
Howard.....	David Tanyer...	Howard
Huston.....	H G Chronister..	Martha
Liberty.....	W H Gardner....	Blanchard
Marion.....	John Hoy, Jr....	Walker
Miles.....	Sam'l K Faust...	Bellefonte
Patton.....	G W Bumberger..	Fillmore
Penn.....	W F Smith.....	Millheim
Potter, N. P.....	D F Luse.....	Centre Hall
" S. P.....	G W Spangler....	Tusseyv'e
Rush.....	William Cullen...	Philipsb'g
Snow Shoe.....	John G Uzzle....	Snow Shoe
Spring.....	E C Wood.....	Bellefonte
Taylor.....	Samuel Hoover...	Fowler
Union.....	J S Fredericks...	Fleming
Walker.....	Samuel Decker...	Zion
Worth.....	G R Williams....	P't Matilda

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.
FRANK E. BIBLE, Secretary.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET,

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
Of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. WM. H. ENGLISH,
Of Indiana.

STATE TICKET.

SUPREME JUDGE,
GEORGE A. JENKS, Jefferson Co,
AUDITOR GENERAL,
ROBERT P. DECHERT, Philadelphia.

HANCOCK'S LETTER.

The Words of a Statesman and Patriot.

The Constitution With all its Amendments the Supreme law of the land.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY, July 26, 1880.—*Gentlemen:* I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 13, 1880, apprising me formally of my nomination to the office of president of the United States by the national democratic convention lately assembled in Cincinnati. I accept the nomination with grateful appreciation of the confidence reposed in me. The principles enunciated by the convention are those I have cherished in the past and shall endeavor to maintain in the future. The amendments to the constitution of the United States embodying the results of the war for the Union are inviolable. If called to the presidency I should deem it my duty to resist with all my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the constitution which in every article, section ond amendment is the supreme law of the land.

The constitution forms the basis of the government of the United States. The powers granted by it to the legislative, executive and judical departments, define and limit the authority of the general government. Powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution nor prohibited by it to the state govern ments each acting in its own sphere without trenching upon the lawful jurisdiction of the other, constitute the union. This union comprising a general government with general powers and state governments with state powers for purposes local to the states, is a polity the foundations of which were laid in the profoundest wisdom. This is the union our fathers made, and which has been so respected abroad, and so beneficial at home. Tried by blood and fire it stands to-day a model form of free popular government, a political system which rightly admin istered has been and will continue to be the admiration of the world. May we not say in the language of Washington: "The unity of government which constitutes us one people is justly dear to us. It is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independdnce, the support of our peace, safety and prosperity, and of that liberty we so highly prize and intend at every hazard to preserve." No form of government however carefully devised, no principles however sound, will protect the rights of the people unless the admiration is faithful and efficient. It is a vital principle in our system that neither fraud nor force must be allowed to subvert the rights of the people. When fraud, violence or incompetence controls, the noblest constitution and wisest laws are useless. The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen. It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact. Take this foundation away and the whole structure falls. Public offic is a trust, not a bounty bestowed upon the holder. No incompetent or dishonest persons should ever be entrusted with it or if appointed they should be promptly ejected. The basis of a substantial practical civil service reform must first be established by the people in filling the elective offices. If they fix a high standard of qualification for office and sternly reject the corrupt and incompetent the result will be decisive in governing the action of the servants whom they entrust with appointing powers,

The war for the union was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago. All classes of our people must share like in the blessings of the union and are equally concerned in its perpetuity and in the proper administration of public affairs. We are in a state of profound peace; henceforth let it be our purpose to cultivate sentiments of friendship and not of animosity among our fellow citizens. Our material interests varied and progressive, demand our constant and united efforts. A sedulous and scrupulous care of the public credit together with a wise and economical management of our governmental expenditures should be maintained in order that labo. may be lightly burdened and that all persons may be protected in their right to the fruits of their own industry. The time has come to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation. As one people we have common interests. Let us encourage the harmony and generous rivalry among our own industries, which will revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign nations, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers, to develop our vast resources and increase the prosperity and hapiness of our people. If elected I shall, with the Divine favor, labor with what ability I posess to discharge my duties with fidelity according to my convictions and shall take care to protect and defend the Union and to see that the laws be faithfully and equally executed in all parts of the country alike. I will assume the responsibility fully sensible of the fact that to administer rightly the functions of government is to discharge the most sacred duty that can develop upon an American citizen. I am, very respectfully,

WINFIELD S. HANCOKK.

To the Hon. John W. Stevenson, president of the convention, Hon. John P. Stockton, chairman, and others of the committee of the national democratic convention.

THROWING MUD.

The following is the best specimen of "mud throwing" we have yet come across during the present campaign. This mud was all thrown at Gen. Garfield—not by the wicked Democrats—but by Republicans, the party friends of Garfield. It was done at a meeting of a large number of Republicans of Garfield's (the 19th Ohio) Congressional districts, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress, in the fall of 1876. How effective the mud stuck was proven by the result of the election—*Garfield falling behind his ticket over four thousand votes.* These are the resolutions passed by that meeting.

Resolved, That there is no other man to-day officially connected with the administration of the national government against whom are justly preferred more and graver charges of corruption than are publicly made and abundantly sustained against James A. Garfield, the present representative of this Congressional district and the nominee of the Republican convention for re-election.

Resolved, That since he first entered Congress to this day there is scarcely an instance in which rings and monopolies have been arrayed against the interests of the people; that he has been found active in speech or vote upon the side of the latter, but in almost every case he has been the ready champion of rings and monopolies.

Resolved, That we especially charge him with venality and cowardice in permitting Benjamin F. Butler to attach to the appropriation bill of 1873 that ever to be remembered infamy, the salary steal, and in speaking and voting for that measure upon its final passage; and charge him with corrupt disregard of the clearly expressed demand of his constituents that he should vote for its repeal and with evading said demand by voting for the Hutchinson amendment.

Resolved, That we further arraign and denounce him for his corrupt connection with the Credit Mobilier, for his false denials thereof before his constituents, for his perjured denial thereof before a committee of his peers in Congress, for fraud upon his constituents in circulating among them a phamphlet purporting to set forth the finding of said committee and the evidence against him, when in fact material portions thereof were omitted and garbled.

Resolved, That we further arraign and charge him with corrupt bribery in selling his official influence as chairman of the committee on appropriations for $5,000 to the DeGalyer pavement ring to aid them in securing a contract from the board of public works of the District of Columbia; selling his influence to aid said ring in imposing upon the people of said district a pavement which is almost worthless at a price three times its cost, as sworn to by one of the contractors; selling his influence to aid said ring in procuring a contract, to procure which it corruptly paid $97,000 "for influence;" selling his influence in a manner that involved no question of law, upon the shallow pretext that he was acting as a lawyer; selling his influence in a manner as palpable and clear as to be so found and declared by an impartial and competent court upon an issue solemnly tried.

MR. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER was the leader of the anti-Grant forces in the Chicago Convention, and has since, as a member of the Republican national committee, taken a good deal of the responsibility for Garfield on his shoulders. He claims to believe at present that Garfield, if not exactly as chaste as ice and pure as snow, should be held guiltless of the Credit Mobilier wickedness. Yet this is the same William E. Chandler whose able organ, the Concord *Monitor*, had this to say on the 20th of February, 1873:

The Republican party cannot and will not take upon itself the sins of Colfax or Patterson or Ames or Kelley or Garfield. Rather it will be true to its mission and place the seal of condemnation upon them all.

And following the lead of the *Monitor*, Mr. Chandler's assistant organ took the thing up on the following day (February 21, 1873) and went a step farther, in the following paragraph to wit:

That these two men (Ames and Brooks) should be summarily ejected from the positions they have disgraced is a most painfully apparent truth. But two parties are necessary to consummate bribery, and if Mr. Ames is to be expelled for bribing Messrs. Garfield and Bingham, they should bear him company in punishment. The conclusion of the committee that they were bribed and did not know it is altogether too thin. The country demands that clean work be made of this cleansing process, and that all men who have sold themselves should be kicked out of Congress.

Seven years ago paragraphs like these were quite common in newspapers now supporting Garfield for the Presidency, and yet these journals are very indignant that much milder words of censurs are bestowed upon him now, and wonder that independent voters and honest Republicans with old fashioned ideas of official integrity should hesitate to support him for the Presidency. If they were wroth while a valuable collection of opinions in the line of Mr. Chandler's might be made up by the Democrats from the old files of such journals as the Chicago *Tribune*, Philadelphia *Press*, New York *Times* and New York *Tribune*. But that would be mud-throwing.—*Times.*

A Tribute to Gen. Hancock.

The folloing high encomium of Gen. W. S. Hancock, the democratic nominee for the presidency is from the *Northern Tier*, a republican journal of Minnesota:

"General Hancock is without doubt the strongest man the democracy could have put forward. A man of unshaken integrity, the soul of honor, the peer of any American citizen, a soldier with a reputation second to none in the world, a statesman whose brilliant qualities in statesmanship he has never had occasion or opportunity to exemplify to the world, but which will rapidly develop should success crown the epaulets he now wears and he be accorded the honors and title of president of the United States by the voice of the people next November.

We have known General Hancock, not to say intimately, but personally and well, since 1869. For five years we had daily intercourse with him in an official capacity, and to know the man is to honor and respect him as a soldier, citizen, superior officer and friend, by all who have the exalted honor. Ever pleasant, but exacting, his daily walks in life and routine of business is a model, and worthy of imitation by the youth of America, and we refer back to the days we have served under Hancock as the proudest in our young life. We know the qualities of the man, and knowing, hesitate not to assert that as to his ability in statesmanship, he will, should he assume the presidential ermine, come forth to the end of his term, the peer of his predecessors.

Would that we could find words to more fully express our admiration of the democratic candidate for the presidency, Winfield Scott Hancock, but they fail us, and we cheerfully give these, as a mark of respect to one whom it is a delight to honor, given spontaneously by one of his old subordinates.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31st, 1880.

General Hancock and Mr. English have written their letters of acceptance, and I trust the Democratic Committee will now consider the campaign open, and begin business. They have sumptuous surroundings here and in New York, and they know that the Radicals, like the Prince of Darkness, are at work all the time. If we can not have as early and vigorous a campaign as the Radicals do, we ought at least to have the best possible one. That is the fact that conservative people are everywhere stating.

The letters of the candidates are good ones. Neither discusses in detail the financial or tariff questions, or several other subjects of interest. Both the candidates rightfully believe that the first need of the country and the first duty of the people is to overthrow the party which has taken the wrong and oppressive side on every one of these questions, and restore our politics to healthy channels. That done there will be no doubt of the permanent ascendency of the party which secures the desirable change.

The letter of Mr. English is larger than that of General Hancock, and goes more fully into the reasons why a change of rulers is desirable. I trust both letters will be read by every man, Democratic, Republican, Greenbaker, or Independent. No votes will be lost, but many gained by that.

In letters written some time ago, I questioned the accuracy of Secretary Sherman's monthly debt statements. Outside of the Department there can be no positive proof of irregularities or misstatement, but the presumption is very strong against the reliability of the monthly reports. In March, April and May, the Secretary told us that over forty-two millions of the debt were paid. Those were the three months during which he was making his issue effort for the Radical nomination. In June the reduction dropped to less than two millions. There was, besides, a nominal reduction of eight millions, by reason of fractional currency, dropped from the debt side of the account, but this was not claimed as a "reduction" in the ordinary sense. For July, it is now said, there will be a slight increase reported, or if a reduction, a very slight one. These are the two months following Mr. Sherman's failure to receive the Radical nomination. It may be said pensions were paid in June, absorbing many millions. So they were in March.

The probability is that Secretary Sherman's statements of reduction are "cooked."

CARROLL.

One of the most urgent demands of our time is a system of education which shall train the young to apply their school learning. At the Pennsylvania State College practical instruction in Agriculture, Horticulture, Botany, Zoology, Mechanist, Chemistry, etc; is given, and thus theory in the class room is applied and enforced by experience in the field and laboratory. Spring session opens April 9th. For catalogue and full information address the Business Manager, State College, Centre Co., Pa. tf

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.—Will be sold at public sale on the premises in Penn township, on Friday, August 27th, 1880, the following real estate, viz: all that certain tract of land situate in Poe valley, bounded by lands of D. S. Amanp, Musser & Gephart, et. al., containing one hundred and eleven acres, one hundred and thirty-six perches, neat measure, part of which is cleared the balance is well timbered with white pine, white oak, chestnut etc.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, when terms will be made known by
J. H. REIFSNYDER,
Administrator
of the estate of
JACOD IMMEL, dec'd.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—The undersigned administrator of the estate of Peggy Bright, late of Aaronsburg, deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises, on Monday, August 16th, 1880, all the interest of decedent in the following real estate, viz:

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND WITH HOUSE

thereon, situate in said Aaronsburg, adjoining land of A. A. Confer, Lutheran graveyard, public road and alley, containing about one fourth acre.

Also, A PIECE OF LAND at Aaronsburg, adjoining lands of Abel Weaver, George Bright and James P. Coburn, containing about three and a half acres.

Sale to commence at one o'clock of said day when terms will be made known by
GEORGE BRIGHT,
Administrator.

STRAYED OR LOST.—Four sheep and four lambs have strayed away from the residence of the subscriber, near Aaronsburg, since May 30th. Two sheep and one lamb are black. Any person finding these sheep is kindly requested to give information to me.
JACOB DUNKLE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Titlow, late of the borough of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
ISRAEL CONFER,
25-6t Administrator.

A VALUABLE HOME AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers at private sale his Valuable Home, about one mile north west of Millheim, containing

SEVENTEEN ACRES OF LAND,

7 acres of which are cleared and under good cultivation, and the balance well timbered. The improvements are a good, new

TWO-STORY HOUSE, NEW BARN,

and all necessary outbuildings, all new and in best condition. It is one of the most convenient and desirable homes in Pennsvalley. For price and terms call on
tf H. C. FRANKENBERGER.

PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned one of the Executors of the Estate of George Shmeltzer, dec'd, will offer at private sale, that

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY

situated in the town of Madisonburg, Centre county, Pa., consisting of six ¼ acre lots, a SPLENDID DWELLING House good stable, all necessary outbuildings, choice fruit on the premises, and all the conveniences of a pleasant home, also a tract of woodland about 1 mile northeast of said town, containing about one hundred acres, well timbered with oak, pine and chestnut. Known as the property of George Shmeltzer, dec'd.
ADAM SHAFER, Jr.,
25-tf Executor.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City.)
COR. MAIN AND JAY ST.,
Lock Haven, Pa.,
S. WOODS CALDWELL, PROPRIETOR

Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Traveler on first floor.

CONSUMPTION CURED
BY
CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS.
Gained 29 lbs. weight in two months.

POWHATTAN C. H., VA., April, 1880.
DR. M. MILTON:
Dear Sir—After having been sick twelve months, and tried the best physicians of the country without doing me the least good, I tried your CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS. When I commenced taking them I caughed almost incessantly, had hemmorrhage, night sweats, etc. I weighed 114 lbs. After taking the Pills two months the caugh and night sweats ceased and had no hemorrhages, and weighed 143 lbs.
Yours, respectfully,
FRED. C. DUNN.

Thousands of cases like the above.
The Pills are also a positive cure for chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all Lung and Throat troubles.
TRIAL BOXES, 25 CTS. LARGE BOXES (120 pills) $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price, with directions. Address
DR. M. MILTON,
21-3m IRVING, N. Y.

PENSIONS! Every Soldier disabled in disease, or injury, is entitled to pension. Pensions date back to time of discharge or death of soldier. Claims of all description prosecuted. Copies of lost discharges obtained. Claims filed by attorneys who have since died, or from other causes have ceased to practice, finished without delay. Address, with stamp, H. S. BERLIN & CO., Attorneys, Washington, D. C.
P. O. Box, 592. 21-3m

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.
SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 30th, 1880, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 55 p. m.
" " Harrisburg		4 25 a. m.
" " Williamsport		8 35 a. m.
" " Jersey Shore		9 07 a. m.
" " Lock Haven		9 40 a. m.
" " Renovo		11 00 a. m.
" arr. at Erie		7 55 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia		9 00 a. m.
" " Harrisburg	12 20 a. m.	
" arr. at Williamsport	3 15 p. m.	
" " Lock Haven	4 20 p. m.	
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 50 a. m.
" Harrisburg		2 35 p. m.
" arr. at Williamsport		7 25 p. m.
" " Lock Haven		8 40 p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves Lock Haven..		6 45 a. m.
" " Jersey Shore..		7 15 a. m.
" " Williamsport.		7 55 a. m.
" arr. at Harrisburg ...		11 40 a. m.
" " Philadelphia.		3 15 p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven..		11 10 a. m.
" " Williamsport		12 20 p. m.
" arr. at Harrisburg ...		3 40 p. m.
" " Philadelphia		6 45 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo		8 40 p. m.
" " Lock Haven		9 50 p. m.
" " Williamsport		11 10 p. m.
" arr. at Harrisburg		2 45 a. m.
" Philadelphia		7 40 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		3 30 a. m.
" arr. at Harrisburg		7 30 a. m.
" " Philadelphia		7 40 a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	6. P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

1882 LADIES' POLONAISE. 9 Sizes, 30 to 46 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 25 Cents.

They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,

"Domestic" Fashion Co.,
NEW YORK.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME
FOR
HANCOCK AND ENGLISH.

THE WEEKLY WORLD will contain each and every week the fullest and most complete telegraphic reports of the progress of the political campaign from each and every State in the Union. These despatches will be telegraphed from the Headquarters of each Democratic State Committee, and will accurately report the exact progress of the great fight for grand old Democratic ideas under the lead of Hancock and English. Every Democrat in the land must keep posted about what is being done all over the country to secure an overwhelming victory at the polls next November.

HELP ON THE GOOD FIGHT!

THE WEEKLY WORLD
will be sent to your address from now until the end of the campaign for
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
Or FROM NOW UNTIL MARCH 4, 1881, for
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS
POSTAGE PAID.

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from now till after the campaign, $1.00; or from now till the first of March, 1881, $1.50.

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$1 PER MONTH, POSTAGE PAID.
Address THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York.

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$20 AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.
Not to be paid for until Machines are received and examined.
Don't Take Them If Not Better Than Any You Ever Had.
THE NEW LIGHT RUNNING
COMBINATION
SEWING MACHINE.
$20 AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

The Lowest-Priced First-Class New Sewing Machine Ever Manufactured.
A COMBINATION OF ALL THE BEST PRINCIPLES OF A SEWING MACHINE.
NONE BETTER MADE BY ANY COMPANY AT ANY PRICE.
A Machine you can depend upon every day you use it.
A Faithful and Reliable Family Sewing Machine in every sense of the word.

PRICE ONLY $20.00.

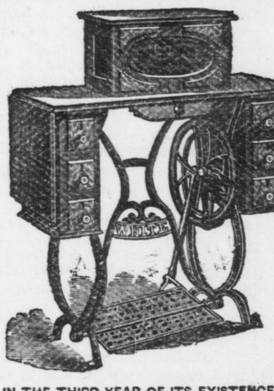
perfect in every feature, complete in all its details, and without the faults of many other machines. So strong and durable it will stand the roughest usage and continuous wear without becoming out of order or requiring any repairs, and will last until the next century begins. Is sensibly made upon sound principles and so simple and easy, it is a pleasure to run it. Easy to learn, easy to manage, and

ALWAYS READY TO DO ITS WORK!!!

All the working parts are manufactured from the best steel, and are interchangeable; if one part gives out or breaks, from any cause, another can be inserted without cost or delay. Workmanship as fine as the best skilled labor can produce. We build no inferior goods. Every machine shipped from factory in perfect condition, and thoroughly warranted for five years. A complete set of new attachments—ten pieces—Hemmers, Binders, Tuckers, Quilters, Rufflers, &c., for all kinds of work, given free with each machine. Extra large shuttle, with bobbins that hold an ordinary spool of thread. The Most Solid, Reliable and Satisfactory Machine ever invented for ALL KINDS OF FAMILY WORK, from finest *Cambric* to *Leather*, with all kind of thread. It does more work at less cost and labor than any other, and is the CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. This Machine, so Simple, Powerful, and Perfect and Mechanism, is the Most Economical and Durable, and the EASIEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET TO SELL—its merits recommend it at once. Machines shipped to any point for examination before payment.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. Territory will be granted, *free*, to good agents, in localities not already occupied. Descriptive Books, with engravings of each style, prices, and specimens of stitching mailed on application to the office of the
$20 COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE, $20
737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS
OF THE
White Sewing Machine



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Agents wanted. For terms, address
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The subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of this neighborhood that they have engaged in the undertaking business. They are prepared to fill all calls in this line at any time and would kindly solicit a share of patronage. A Full Line of
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always on hand, which we are also ready to furnish to other undertakers at reasonable prices.
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American Manuf'g Co.,
25-3 m 725 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1880.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

Announcement.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. HUNTER, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that CHESTER MUNSON, Esq., of Philipsburg, will be a candidate for the Legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

—Apples are slow sale in Union county at 25 cents a bushel.

—New potatoes sell at 60 cents a bushel in Lewisburg. None have been offered here yet so far as we know.

—The Mifflinburg *Telegraph* is in favor of a big Harvest Home Picnic, "for Union and adjoining counties."

—For good and cheap clothing go to Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Store Bellefonte, Pa. tf.

—The sale notes of the estate of Jonathan Philips, deceased, are now due, of which all concerned will please take notice. tf

—If you are going to attend camp meeting don't forget that Springer, at the Penn House Aaronsburg will give you good a square meal as cheap as anybody.

—An Evangelical camp meeting commenced yesterday in Mr. Kaler's woods, about two miles south west of Millmont.

—*Harris, of the Standard Store, at Lewisburg, is now closing out his stock at greatly reduced prices, preparatory to purchasing early fall goods. For bargains go to Harris.*

—We hear it rumored that Spring Mills is to have the big Harvest Home Picnic, this year, Union and adjoining counties to take part. Hope the rumor may prove.

Spring Mill's Academy.

The Summer term will commence on Monday, July 26th, 1880.

Tuition, $5 to $8. Boarding $2 to $2.25 per week.

For further information address

REV. D. M. WOLF,
Spring Mills, Pa.

28-3t.

TAKE NOTICE.—Persons attending camp meeting in Weaver's grove, just below Aaronsburg, will find first class accommodations at moderate charges, at the Penn House, Aaronsburg.

J. C. SPRINGER,
Proprietor.

3t.

—The Berlin Iron Works, which is the old furnace near Laurelton station, lately rebuilt, has commenced operations the other Tuesday. Hope the new proprietors may be abundantly successful.

—Mr. Geo. Jamison, formerly of Georges Valley, now of Cumberland county, Virginia, is in the neighborhood now, and paid us a visit last week. George looks well and feels comfortable and very much at home down in the old Dominion.

—We hear that roasting ears are ripe, and would give most respectful notice that the first fellow that brings us a good "mess" will get a good shake by our big, Democratic paw—will be called a gentleman and a scholar, invited to call again, &c, "and don't you forget it."

—The Centre County Pomona Grange will meet at Centre Hall, Tuesday August, 17th next. Three sessions will be held—at 10 o'clock, A. M., 2 o'clock P. M., and at 7 in the evening. A general attendance is requested.

By order of
LEONARD RHONE, W. M.

Jas. A. Keller,
Secretary.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Old earth is being refreshed by copious rains. How seasonable they are and how grateful we should be.

Had a big time at Runk's mill dam. The water was drawn off and everybody was there fishing. Indeed it was impossible to say whether fish or fishermen were in the majority. Very many fish and eels were caught though, some weighing 2½ to 3 pounds.

The Allison house is ready for the roof. When completed it will be one of the finest residences in Centre county.

Mr. Runk will build a new barn on his farm this fall yet—a very necessary improvement.

Rumor says that Smith & Co., of Lewisburg, have rented Krumrines grain house. Mr. James Wall will be senior clerk and Ed Krumrine, junior, both gentlemen are entirely competent.

UNCLE TOM.

Among agents and families, the great demand now is for the new light running Combination Sewing Machine, because it has stood the test, and is better made, with more improvements, will last longer, and is much lower in price, (only $20,) than other machines, and having attained a merited popularity among the people for reliability, it is welcomed wherever it makes its appearance. It is built for strength and constant hard work, has interchangeable working parts, manufactured of fine polished steel, and will run for years without repairs; is simple to learn, easy to manage, understood perfectly in an hour, and always ready to do every description of heavy or fine family work at less cost, more easily, smoothly, and faster, and with less labor or trouble than any other machine *at any price*, ever did, or can do. Tuckers, quilters, rufflers, hemmers, binders, &c., free with each machine. No advance payments. Machines shipped to any R. R. station for examination before payment of bill. Agents make money rapidly, supplying the great demand for this the Cheapest Machine in the world, Territory free. For illustrated catalogue of prices, specimens of stitch, &c., address, office of the Combination Sewing Machine, 737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT FOWLER'S STATION.

Billmyer & Blair's Saw Mill a Heap of Debris.

One Man Killed and Two Others Seriously Wounded.

On last Thursday morning our community was startled by the news that Billmyer & Blair's saw-mill, at Fowler station on the L. & T. rail road had exploded, and that several men had been seriously if not fatally hurt. The messenger that brought the news to town and summoned the doctors could give no details, and so many of our people hastened to the scene of the disaster. We arrived on the ground at about 9 o'clock—the explosion happened at 6—and found Abram Burns already dead. He had been entirely buried under the debris and had received internal injuries which proved mortal only too soon. His remains were taken to Hartleton the next day for burial. He leaves a wife and one son.

Mr. Lamy, the engineer, is an old and well known citizen of Millheim. He had his left leg broken just above the ankle. The broken leg is much bruised and scalded. He is also badly scalded on other parts of the body, especially on the back. On Friday he was conveyed to Coburn on a hand car, and from there carried home on a stretcher. This latter part of the trip occupied fully two hours and was very tiresome to the carriers. Since the disastrous accident he is doing unexpectedly well, considering his severe injuries. Mr. Wm. Billmyer, the sawyer, was just engaged in filing the large circular saw when the explosion occured. Both he and Lamy were thrown down into the "pit," and this saved their lives, no doubt, as the frame work over them prevented the roof and other timbers from crushing them in their fall. Mr. Billmyer is scalded and bruised very badly though not mortally, and is doing quite well too under the circumstances. His injuries are left thigh lacerated, ankle and calf of right leg bruised, some teeth knocked out, contusion of right eye and scalds on breast, right side and arms. He suffered intensely immediately after the accident and during the dressing of his wounds. Several other men were hit by flying timbers and slightly hurt.

The explosion was of such terrible force that the entire mill, engine and boiler, are one complete wreck. Broken fragments of engine and boiler were scattered all around. A piece of the latter weighing several tons was thrown a distance of about 250 feet, cutting of trees on its way like as if they had been mown down with a scythe.

The exact cause of the explosion is a mystery. Mr Lamy the engineer and Mr. Seiler one one of the proprietors, say that there was only some sixty pounds of steam on when the boiler exploded. It is said too that the boiler was old and worn out and that several former engineers had quit work fearing an explosion. Other vague rumors are afloat, all which make it imperative that an investigation he had by experts, the fault located and the responsibility placed where it belongs.

It was fortunate that work had not fully commenced and that all the men were not yet on the mill, when the explosion happened, otherwise the results might have been much more disastrous.

FOUND AFTER FOUR DAYS.

Little Willie Heisler's Wanderings in the Moosic Mountains.

Special Dispatch to THE TIMES.

SCRANTON, July 25.

Dodgetown, a mining suburb of this city, is delirious with joy to-day over the discovery of Willie Heisler, a nine-year-old boy, who was lost in the wilds of the Moosic Mountains four days ago and was supposed to be dead. Willie, with his father and brother, Charlie, were out picking berries on Thursday morning, when he wandered away. The father scoured the woods all that day in vain, and a large party of his neighbors took up the search at night, with a like result. The boys mother was reported to be loosing her mind, and to reassure her some friends kept telling her the boy was found and would be home shortly. Friday and Saturday hundreds of persons were out in the woods, searching eagerly for the lost boy, and their efforts were fruitless. This morning a party of about five hundred was formed, intending to find the lad, dead or alive, and just as they were about to leave for the mountains a neighbor named Frederick Goetz came hurrying up to Heisler's house with a child whose clothing was torn to shreds, whose face was besmeared with berries and whose hands and feet were covered with blood. It was Willie Heisler. The boy's mother uttered a cry of joy on seeing him, clasped him in her arms, knelt on the sidewalk and covered him with tears and kisses. The boy says he wandered about day and night, calling his brother, "Charlie, Charlie!" and when he was hungry he ate wild berries. When he saw Goetz he was terrified and started to run into the thickness of the forest, but was restrained by his discoverer, who assured him that he was his friend. Goetz found the child at Green Run, on the borders of the Dismal Swamp.

—Charley Frankenberger offers his home, near town, at private sale. Any person desiring a property of this size would do well to look at this one for there is not a more complete property in this neighborhood.

The buildings are all new and very complete. Good water in abundance all the year round and choice fruit of every kind. tf.

EXAMINATIONS OF TEACHERS FOR 1880.

The Examinations of Teachers for the Schools of Centre County will be held as specified in this announcement:

Bellefonte, Tuesday, August 24.
Philipsburg and Rush, Philipsburg, Wednesday, Aug. 25.
Taylor, Hannah Furnace, Thursday, August 26.
Worth, Port Matilda, Friday, August 27.
Huston, Julian Furnace, Saturday, August 28.
Snow Shoe and Burnside, Snow Shoe, Tuesday Aug. 31.
Unionville and Union, Unionville, Wednesday, Sept. 1.
Milesburg and Boggs, Milesburg, Thursday, Sept. 2.
Liberty, Eagleville, Friday Sept 3.
Walker, Hublersburg, Monday, Sept. 6.
Howard and Curtin, Howard, Tuesday, September 7.
Marion, Jacksonville, Wednesday, September 8.
Spring, Valentine's School House, Thursday, Sept. 9.
Benner, Knox' School House, Friday, September 10.
Patton, Waddle's School House, Tuesday, Sept. 14.
Halfmoon, Stormstown, Wednesday, Sept. 15.
Ferguson, Pine Grove, Thursday, Sept. 16.
College, Lemont, Friday, Sept. 17.
Harris, Boalsburg, Saturday, Sept. 18.
Haines, Aaronsburg, Monday, Sept. 20.
Millheim and Penn, Millheim, Tuesday, Sept. 21.
Gregg, Penn Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 22.
Potter, Centre Hall, Thursday, Sept. 23.
Miles, Rebersburg, Saturday, Sept. 25.

A special examination to fill vacancies will be held at the superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Friday, October 8; but applicants must come recommended by at least four directors of the districts in which they intend to teach, and give a reason for not having attended the district examinations.

Examinations each day will commence at 9 A. M.; applicants will have to be present in time, and some of the directors should also be present in time to make out a list of applicants to be examined.

H. MEYER, Co. Supt.
Rebersburg, Pa., July 21, 1880.

A NEW TREATMENT.

The Golden Elixir of Life. Wonderful Cures.

If you have Consumption, and would know that your cough can be made loose and easy—Hectic Fever and Night Sweats checked in 24 hours; Inflammation taken out of the lungs and air passages at once; that you can be made to gain 3 to 5 pounds of healthy flesh per week; if you have any Chronic Disease, Bronchitis, Asthma Catarrh Dyspepsia, Sick Hesdache, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness or Spermatorrhœa, loss of sexual power in either sex from any canse; if you have any form of nervous weakness, losing flesh or wasting away, and would know of an immediate relief and certain cure for many of the severest cases in a short time, a new method with new agents to fatten every body, invigorate and make strong and healthy the most hopeless cases, cut this out and write at once for particulars to B. S. DISPENSARY, Berrien Springs, Mich. y1

News Miscellany.

One of the most curious facts about the census in Columbus, O., is a colored enumerator, who, being run over by the cars several years ago, came out of the doctor's care with both arms amputated at the shoulder. He learned to write legibly by holding his pencil between his teeth, and as enumerator recorded on an average 200 names a day.

Jane Ham, in a fight with another woman, Eugenie Bristow, chocked her and threw her aginst a table, crushing her skull and causing instant death, at Darlington, S. C. It was about a man.

Death from Hydrophobia.

HARRISBURG, July 28.—James H. Stanley, a prominent citizen of Middletown, this county, died last night from hydrophobia. When the symptoms first became manifest, last Sunday, he bade his friends good-bye and submitted himself to the care of keepers, but on Monday night, during a violent spasm, he escaped, and was found subsequently in the suburbs, biting at every thing within his reach. The deceased was bitten by his own dog, about five weeks ago. During the intervals between his spasms he would converse in an intelligent manner with those around him.

Wm. H. Club and wife of Westmoreland county have been lodged in jail for maltreating a 10 year old boy named Silas E. Meyers. They kept him chained in the cellar with a lock and trace chain about his neck. The child had also been terribly beaten. The development of the outrage created great indignation in the community.

A farmer at Akron, Mo., was attacked by his savage bull in a high-fenced yard, and could not escape. A hired man came with a gun to shoot the beast. "Don't kill him," cried the farmer, thinking of the loss; "just hit him in the shoulder." The man fired as directed, only inflicting a wound that maddened the bull, and incited him to gore the farmer to death.

Five car loads of peaches a day are received in Pittsburg over the Baltimore and Ohio road.

A BULL-FROG over a foot in length, has been captured by a colored boy in a spring at West Goshen.

The Troy *Times* says that flies can be effectually disposed of without the use of poison. Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar and one teaspoonful of cream. Mix them well together and place them in a room on a plate where the flies are troublesome and the pests will very soon disappear.

There are about 50,000et of logs in the river above Lock Haven waiting for high water.

Thirty Days In Jail For a Kiss.

KINGSTON, N. C., July 27.—Stephen C. Spence, a young farmer, met Mrs. M. E. Waller in the road, and declared that she must kiss him. The lady indignantly hurried on, when Spence followed, and despite her struggles, kissed her. She made complaint, and Spence was arrested. He was tried, and sentenced to thirty days in the county jail.

MARRIED

On the 9th of May last, at Greenbriar, by Jacob Emerick, Esq., Mr. Wm. Hoy, and Miss Lovina Hoover, both of Penn township.

On the 2nd ult., by Henry Reinhart, Esq., Mr. Ira Gramly, of Miles township, and Miss Susan C. Stover, of Haines township.

On the 18th ult., by the same, Mr. James C. Burris, of Haines towaship, to Miss Sarah C. Stover, of Buffo Run.

On the 20th ult., at the Reformed parsonage, Aaronsburg, Pa., by Rev. C. W. E. Seigle, Mr. Henry G. Shafer, of Aaronsburg, to Miss Emma L. Ettinger, of Woodward.

DIED.

On the 22nd ult., in Selinsgrove, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Belmer, wife of Rev. H. B. Belmer, aged 33 years.

CENTRAL State Normal School

(Eighth Normal School District)

LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., P

A. N. RAUB, A. M., *Principal.*

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Students admitted at any time.

Courses of study prescribed by the State; I. Model School. II. Preparatory. III. Elementary. IV. Scientific.

ADJUNCT COURSES.

I. Academic. II. Commercial. III. Music. IV. Art.

The Elementary and Scientific courses are Professional, and students graduating therein receive Diplomas, conferring the following corresponding degrees: Master of the Elements, and Master of the Sciences. Graduates in the other courses receive Normal certificates of their attainments, signed by the Faculty.

The Professional courses are liberal, and are in thoroughness not inferior to those of our best colleges.

The State requires a higher order of citizenship. The times demand it. It is one of the prime objects of this school to help to secure it by furnishing intelligent and efficient teachers for her schools. To this end it solicits young persons of good abilities and good purposes—those who desire to improve their time and their talents, as students. To all such it promises aid in developing their powers and abundant opportunities for well paid labor after leaving school.

For catalogue and terms address the Principal.

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☞YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED: Would you be restored to SOUND MANHOOD? Send stamp and you will get advice in sealed envelope. Address, PROF. J. Y. EGAN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

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3 80. BEE HIVE! 1880.

To my Friends in Penns and Brush Valleys!

THE LARGEST

DRY GOODS HOUSE

IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA IS THE GREAT

BEE HIVE Store of **BEE HIVE!** Lock Haven.

Which is now Opening the Third Stock for the Spring of 18

which is simply Immense in all its Departments.

30,000 Yards Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,

CALICOS AND SHIRTINGS

A large stock of 10-4, 9-4, 6-4, 5-4 UTICA BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED SHEETINGS and PILLOW CASINGS
3000 Yards Good Calico, Fast Colors. Beautiful Styles, 6 Cents a Yard.
The Largest Stock of TABLE LINENS ever shown in this City at old prices 500 TOWELS at 25 Cents, worth 40 Cents. 35 dozen 3-4 Bleached all LINEN NAPKINS at $2.65, worth $3.40. 18 inch TWILLED HEAVY TOWELLING, 8

1000 Yards of Summer Pantings,

Bought early in January, since which time they have advanced 20 per cent., but will be sold at old prices of a year ago.

2,000 Yards All-Wool Cassimeres,

FANCY CHEVIOT SUITINGS,

French Diagonals and Shirtings, 1,000 Yards Black all wool C meres
Cheaper than ever. 2000 yards Beautiful Spring Cashmeres at 15 cents, worth 20. French Momie Cloths, Full Line of French all Wool Buntings in Plain and Lace Goods. Silk Grenadines, French Organdie and Linen Lawns, nice patterns.

500 YARDS BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SILKS,

At 50, 55 and 60 cents a yard. The Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest lot of Plain and Brocade, Black and Colored Silks ever shown. Large lot of Ladies' Coats at Half Price. The handsomest Stock of

BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS

In this section of the State. Large lot of Window Shading and Fixtures. 1,500 lbs. Cotton and Wool Carpet Chain.

CITIZENS of Penns and Brush Valleys should avail themselves of the advantages we are now offering, by buying their goods early at the BEE HIVE. Thanking my Patrons for their liberal patronage in 1878, we hope by continuing to keep only first-class goods, with a full assortment of all the Novelties of the Season; by representing goods on MERIT ONLY, and selling at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES to *merit even a much larger share of the patronage in* 1880, as we have decided advantages over every competitor on account of the immense quantities we buy. ☞SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to Large Buyers and trade from a distance. ☞ORDERS BY MAIL WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. ☞REMEMBER THE PLACE.☜

The Great Bee Hive Dry Goods House,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. J. EVERETT, Proprietor.

WANTED.—50,000 pounds of Wool in exchange or for cash at the Bee Hive Store.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No. 1	90
Wheat No. 2	85
Corn	45
Rye	60
Oats White	33
Oats, Black	30
Buckwheat	50
Flour	5.50
Bran & Shorts, per ton	20.00
Salt, per Brl	2.00
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	5.00
Butter	13
Hams	10
Sides	7
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	12
Eggs	
Potatoes	6
Lard	
Tallow	5
Soap	
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.60
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.40
Pea "	3.80

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Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

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THE BOOT & SHOE MAN OF LOCK HAVEN.

I have a very large stock of BOOTS, SHOES, Slippers & Ladies' WALKING SHOES, just opened up for Spring and Summer wear. My stock is as cheap as it was a year ago, because I bought it for cash before the advance. I am the only shoe dealer in Lock Haven that buys for cash & pays no rent wherefore I can sell you a better article for the same money than any dealer in the city. Give me a call and you will be convinced that your place to buy is

KAMP'S.

AGENTS WANTED to sell this, the first, cheapest, best and the only authentic low priced book containing the lives of

GEN'L. W. S. HANCOCK AND W. H. ENGLISH,

A complete record of the early and military life of MAJ. GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, with a full and graphic account of the proceedings, speeches and incidents at the Cincinnati Convention, also the platform, table of ballots and letters of acceptance, with the life of W. H. ENGLISH. Richly embellished with numerous artistic illustrations and fine, handsome engraved Portraits of each Candidate. Sure success to all who take hold, will positively outsell all books. Send for circulars and extra terms.

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A FREE book of nearly 100 large octavo pages for the sick. Full of valuable notes, by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, on Scrofula, Diseases of the brain, organs; Diseases of men; Diseases of Women; aches and pains; Heart Troubles; and a great variety of chronic diseases, with evidence that in most cases these diseases are curable. Send a three Cent Stamp. Address, MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., No. 129 East 28th Street, New York City. 23-3m **BOOK.**

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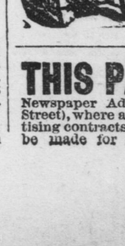

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THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

DOMESTIC.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S PLAN FOR WASHING.—I never use washing powders or dry soap for flannels or print dresses, etc. I use bicarbonate of soda for white flannels, and sometimes liquid ammonia with the soap, but the bicarbonate of soda will not injure the most delicate colors if the water is not too hot, as I strain the water through the hair sieve after doing the flannels. To wash the prints, etc., I don't use ammonia. For the flannels I never rub the soap, but have it all boiled, and I find from experience it answers better, and is much more economical. For dark woolen hose, dresses, blue serge suits, etc., never use soap, but boil for five minutes some bicarbonate of soda and wash with a machine, or rub with the hands, then rinse in clean water and stiffen with glue. I have all dark things dried as quickly as possible, mangle them in a towel before they are dry, and iron until they are on the wrong side. With regard to the buttons, I have all mine put on to dresses with rings. Linen buttons I do not take off; nightshirts I make to slip over the head, and have a stud for the neck. The day and dress shirts I make with a buttonhole at the back of the neck for a stud instead of a button, so that I never have the trouble of sewing buttons on the shirts when wanted. The white quilts I stitch round with the machine—old sheets too—and this makes them stronger, not so easily torn on the line, and it is never seen. Tablecloths might be done the same way.

Women Never Think.

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Picayune.*

POTTED SALMON.—Ever so many good things can be made with canned salmon, if you have any *sabe*. In old times, in the ship stores, there used to be only Scotch put-up salmon, but nowadays, it is the Columbia River that supplies the world. An old man, as I knowed, as good a sailor as ever sailed, was mighty fussy over his eating, and he first showed me how to make potted salmon out of the fish in cans. It is tip-top relish spread on a bit of bread. Take your salmon out of the can, and pick out bones, but mostly they are so soft as to do no harm. Just you pound them smooth in a mortar. Take that pounded fish and put it in a jar, which jar place in a pipkin with hot water. Bring up the water to a boil; when your fish is hot, say for a two-pound can, stir in a quarter of a pound of good butter and a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy: or you may take three anchovies and bruise them up fine and mix them in. It must be hot; so put in a salt-spoonful of Cayenne pepper and a shred of mace; chop your mace fine. Now you want a teaspoonful of Tarragon vinegar and a half dozen whole black peppers. Keep stirring the fish until it cools, and let it stay in the jar. If you want it to keep good over a week, melt a little beef suet, and when the fish is cold pour that over it.

AN ENORMOUS TRAFFIC.—Pittsburgh boasts that 849,746 bottles of CARBOLINE have been sold within the last six months. This shows that the great army of baldheads will soon be reduced to a corporal's guard.

HOME-MADE SELTZER WATER.—The artificial seltzer water, made with a carbonic acid gas generator, is already an imitation, far from perfect, of the natural water. A receipt to make it on a small scale, for family use, as it were, can only give a product differing still more from that of the spring. Yet the following would fairly imitate the taste and properties of the natural water: Fused chloride of calcium, 4 grains; chloride of magnesium, 12 grains; chloride of sodium, 15 grains; citrate of iron, 1-2 grains; tartaric acid, 2 drachms; bicarbonate of soda, 2 1-2 drachms. Water sufficient. Dissolve all the salts, excepting the tartartic acid and the bicarbonate, in about one pint of water, and introduce the solution into a champagne bottle. Then, having completed the requisite quantity of liquid so as to leave an empty space of about two fluid ounces, add the tartaric acid, and, immediately after, the bicarbonate of soda. Cork the bottle tightly, secure the cork with stout cord, and set the bottle aside for about six hours before it is opened. It is then ready for use.

DOBBINS' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) contains nothing but the purest material, and does the work quickly, but without impairing the finest fabric. Try it without fail.

JUMBLES.—Two cups of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, flour enough to roll them out thin; spice to taste. When ready for the oven sprinkle over white sugar.

FAMILY GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two-thirds cup of butter, two teaspoonful of ginger; stir as thick as will pour.

It accomplishes its object so quickly and so satisfactorily that its praises are in the mouth of every mother.—We refer to Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, the remedy for children's diseases. Sold for 25 cents.

SOFT COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, two of butter, one cup of milk, two eggs, seeds, half teaspoonful of soda in hot water. Stir commonly thick and pour in tins.

BIRD'S NEST.—Boil eggs hard, remove shells, surround with force meat, fry or bake them until nicely browned cut in halves and place in the dish with gravy.

Experience has proven that the best remedy for Colic, Diarrhœa, Teething and other troubles of infancy is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

THE mother of the late Lord Brougham had a servant who was specially unfortunate with crockery, but who at every misadventure was ready with the excuse, "It was crackit before." One morning Little Harry, the future Lord Chancellor, tumbled down stairs, and his mother in alarm ran to him, calling out, "Oh boy! have you broken your head?" "Well, mither," said the boy, "it was crackit before."

TREAT PROMPTLY—Cramps, Diarrhœa, Asiatic Cholera, and all Bowel Affections, with Dr. Jaynes' Carminative Balsam, and you will obtain speedy relief, and promote a certain cure.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MR. GOOBER was a gentleman who lived in the Mormon country. He had but one wife and never thought of taking any more till one day an elder tackled him and told him solemnly it was his religious duty to seal unto himself a few others. Mr. Goober went home and sadly informed his wife of what the elder had said, and Mrs. Goober said she would have no objection provided the elder would come round and argue the case with her piously. Goober told the elder, and the elder dropped around. He smiled sweetly as Mrs. Goober advanced to meet him. But, alas! that smile was his last—for a week or two. The next thing he was skipping around the room with his coat slit up the back and his hat knocked into pi, while Mrs. Goober whooped him up with the broomstick. He finally jumped out of a window and escaped with his life, a sadder and a wiser man. The next time he met Goober he told him he had had a celestial revelation by which he (Goober) was relieved of the necessity of taking any more wives. The one he had (Mrs. Goober) would count for almost a thousand in the New Jerusalem.

A FARMER in Fifeshire had occasion one day to send his man on some business to a neighboring farm. On his arrival there the good wife, with her usual hospitality, had him supplied with a substantial repast of cold bacon and oatmeal cakes. The bacon being more of a rarity to him than the oatmeal in any form, he confined his operations exclusively to it. The good woman, on observing this, again recommended the bread to his notice, when he replied with great energy, "No, faith, no, mistress, this is strong enench without bread."

SCENE: Augusta's boudeir. Lucy (holding an open letter in her hand). "Well, you see, dear, I only met him at Mount Desert this summer, and we did flirt desperately; but it's too absurd his writing to me now and proposing—now isn't it?" Augusta—"Awfully bold, I think; but then it's just like a man. Shall you accept him?" Lucy—"Well, I don't know what to do. He don't deserve it; but then he's awfully handsome, and, besides, I really think I would be a good wife. I can make splendid corn bread."

"I don't want that Stuff."

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headaches and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

"KRUPP has invented a needle-gun warranted to kill two hundred men a minute," but we shall not purchase one of them until he has experimented with his gun a couple of hours and proves to our satisfaction the truth of his claim. If a man were to buy his needle-gun and discover that it would kill only one hundred and ninety-nine men a minute, would Krupp take the fraud back and refund the money? There are so many things warranted nowadays that turn out to be failures that a man can't be too careful when he makes a purchase.

MONSIEUR X. and his spouse dine together. The meal is almost over when he takes the bottle of Bordeaux, in which is left a scant half glass of liquor, and prepares to empty it into his own tumbler. "Don't, darling, don't," cries his wife, who is superstitious; "if you drink the last drop of that wine, you will be married again before the year is out, and I love you too much for that." And she empties the wine into her own glass and tosses it off.

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

JUDGE S——had a very wild son, named Bob, who was constantly on a spree, and, upon being brought up once before the court for drunkenness, the judge cried out, "Is that our Bob?" Clerk: "Yes, sir." Judge: "Fine the rascal two dollars and costs; I'd make it ten dollars, if I didn't know it would come out of my own pocket."

AN itinerant merchant meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of an engine skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever fed him, that's a good 'un," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home, only he h'aint got any time to eat 'em."

A GENTLEMAN crossing London Bridge in a carriage at a foot-pace was aroused by a tap at the window. The glass was dim, and, thinking it might be a wayfarer seeking assistance, or a policeman proffering it, he lowered the window and put his head out, whereupon his hat vanished, as, two seconds later, did the thief—in the fog!

JUDGE: "Prisoner, why will you drink? Now look at me! I am 60, and I never tasted liquor." Prisoner: "You've lost lots of fun, then, judge, sure as you're born."

GOOD story-tellers—Conductors on elevators.

THE bolt of the boomers was bad for the boom.

THERE's many a grip on the midnight nip.

The New Seal

of the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is president, consisting of a figure of Aesculapius, the Father of Medicine, surmounting the globe, fitly symbolises the world-wide reputation gained by the Family Medicines of Dr. Pierce now manufactured by this incorporated company and sold in all parts of the world. With a mammouth establishment, the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, and a correspondingly large branch establishment in London, this Association makes medicines for the whole world—not only that but they personally examine and treat with special medicines thousands of cases. Among the most celebrated of the proprietary or family medicines are Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great blood-purifier, and Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little pills),—and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed—for bowel affections, colds and painful attacks, as colic, neuralgia, and rheumatism,—Favorite Prescription furnishes relief from female weaknesses, and kindred affections. All sold by druggists.

DEAR BRO. MEEK, Ed. "The Central Methodist," Catlettsburg, Ky. I see in the last "Central" that you want a remedy for SICK Headache. If you will use a remedy that you advertise in in your paper every week, I am sure you will be greatly benefited thereby, and I believe cured. I have been a sufferer from Sick Headache, I say almost from infancy, and have tried every remedy I could get, and never found anything to do me any good until I used Simmons' Liver Regulator. It has been nearly three years since I first used it, and I have not had Sick Headache since, and I have never used but two packages and a half of the Regulator. I had a sister last spring that had from one to two spells of Sick Headaches every week. I sent her half of a package, and she says she has not had it since. I feel for any one that suffers with that terrible disease, and I hope you will give it a trial.

C. S. MORRIS, Brownsville, W. Va.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTING.—We do not know of anything which would be more interesting on a farm than a small experimental ground. New plants and seeds come into notice every year, but only a few know which are the most valuable, and the great public depends on the newspaper editor, some interested correspondent, or the reports of some agricultural society to tell him all about them. Finally, on the strength of what he reads, he invests considerable money in some article or another, plants considerable ground with it, and finds out on1 when too late that it is not at all suited to his climate or soil. It oftentimes happens that an article really good in a majority of cases is of very little value in some particular spot. This is just the sort of knowledge no paper or society can teach, but which a small experimental garden would readily supply. At market, or when visiting friends, one often has a few seeds or roots given him which may be very useful to him, but which are lost chiefly because there is no spot assigned for the testing of these things. There is, indeed, a disposition in many cases to regard these presents of new things as bores, and they are often accepted because it is not thought courteous to wound a friend's feelings by refusing what he regards as somewhat of a treasure. But besides the pecuniary value which often results from trying experiments, there is a great amount of pleasure from watching things grow that we never saw before; and we are well assured that no one who established a small experimental-ground on his farm could ever after be without it.

LOOSE AND COMPACT SOILS AND EVAPORATION.—In order to have the greatest evaporation, the surface of the soil must be constantly wet. After the upper layer of the soil has had its water evaporated it must be supplied from below, in order that evaporation must go on. This supply from below depends upon the capillarity of the soil; or, in other words the fineness of the pores—the finer the pores the greater the supply. A compact soil has greater capillary power, and when the upper surface is comparatively dry will evaporate a large amount of moisture. If such a soil is broken up and the surface made to consist of coarse lumps, the power to raise water from below is much weakened, and there is less evaporation. This is the explanation of the general belief that it is important to keep a soil loose in dry weather, and break up any crust that may have formed after a shower.

An Infallible Remedy.

No longer like Job need the afflicted millions cry out: "Oh, that my grief were weighed and my calamity laid in the balance! Ye are forgers of lies; ye are all physicians of no value." For an absolutely safe, reliable and certain *cure for Piles*, the most exasperating, painful of all diseases, *has been found* by Dr. Silsbee. Half a million of sufferers with piles testify to the virtues of Anakesis. Physicians of all schools endorse it and prescribe it; 500,000 persons have used it in all stages and varieties of piles, and none without benefit. It has been pronounced the "happiest medical discovery of the age," and Dr. Silsbee, an experienced and scientific M. D. of 40 years' practice, "a benefactor to his race." No remedy so simple and yet so infallible as Anakesis for Piles has been discovered. It is a happy combination of the soothing poultice of the English, the instrument of the French, and the curative medication of the American surgeons. It affords immediate relief from the most excruciating pain, holds up the painful tumors, and ultimately cures the worst cases of Piles. Samples of "ANAKESIS" are sent *free* to all sufferers on application to the sole manufacturers, Messrs. P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946 New York. Also, sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per box

"I Am All Played Out"

is a common complaint. If you feel so get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it and you will at once feel it is tonic power. It renews the healthy action of the kidneys, bowels and liver, and thus restores the natural life and strength to the weary body.

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Worcester's Quarto Dictionary is the standard authority of the majority of the scholars of America and England, and from it this abridgement has been most carefully compiled. It contains besides an illustrated vocabulary of over 18,000 words, lists of foreign words and phrases, abbreviations, rules for spelling, numerical tables, etc. The publishers will send this work by mail on receipt of the price, 63 cents.

A Valuable Gift Free.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford 162 Broadway, New York city, N. Y.

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Will send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days's trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

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Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

Vegetine is made exclusively from the juices of carefully-selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Faintness at the Stomach,** and all diseases that arise from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory** and **Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout** and **Spinal Complaints,** can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers** and **Eruptive Diseases** of the **Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead** and **Ringworm,** VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female weakness, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by Vegetine have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, Vegetine is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS. Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

Serve an Injunction on Disease

By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and innutritious circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MRS. POTTS' COLD HANDLE SAD IRON

ADVANTAGES.

A COLD DETACHABLE WALNUT HANDLE

ARE LINED WITH NON-CONDUCTING CEMENT.

HEAT QUICKER THAN OTHER IRONS.

RETAIN THE HEAT LONGER.

REQUIRE NO HOLDER OR CLOTH.

DO NOT BURN THE HAND.

ARE DOUBLE POINTED.

IRON BOTH WAYS.

THE BEST IN USE.

CHEAP.

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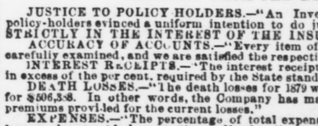

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REPORT OF THE INSURANCE COMMISSIONER OF PENNSYLVANIA RESPECTING THE

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Result as Announced by the State Authorities.

THE PENN AT THE HEAD OF ALL PENNSYLVANIA COMPANIES,

WHETHER STOCK OR MUTUAL.

JANUARY 1, 1880.

Total Assets at Present Value	**$6,949,139 20.**
Total Liabilities	**$5,533,161 37.**
Surplus to Policy-Holders	**$1,415,977 83.**

In this Surplus there is no Liability **FOR STOCK CAPITAL,** THE PENN BEING PURELY MUTUAL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REMARKS OF THE EXAMINER.

JUSTICE TO POLICY HOLDERS.—"An Investigation of the dealings of the company with its policy-holders evinced a uniform intention to do justice to all parties, and the general management is STRICTLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE INSURED."

ACCURACY OF ACCOUNTS.—"Every item of the income and disbursement of the company was carefully examined, and we are satisfied the respective accounts have been correctly kept."

INTEREST RECEIPTS.—"The interest receipts show an excellent average rate of interest, largely in excess of the per cent. required by the state standard of policy valuations."

DEATH LOSSES.—"The death losses for 1879 were $388,361.39, while the tabular mortality provides for $506,3.8. In other words, the Company has made a net saving of $131,477 from the sums which its premiums provided for the current losses."

EXPENSES.—"The percentage of total expenses of management to total receipts is not high, and leaves a large net balance to the credit of policy-holders."

ASSETS.—"All the mortgaged properties were carefully inspected and valued by parties selected by the Department as personally acquainted with values in their respective localities. * * * * Loans made in cash to policy-holders on their policies were verified in full, and the reserve value in each case was found to be largely in excess of the amount loaned. * * * * Stocks and bonds owned absolutely by the Company were carefully examined, the fact of the Company's title thereto verified and the securities were allowed as assets at their respective market value December 31, 1879. * * * * The cash accounts were duly verified, and satisfactory evidence found that the Company had in banks and on hand the sum claimed."

"THE ABILITY AND READINESS OF THE OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES TO FURNISH FULL INFORMATION AS TO ALL BRANCHES OF THE COMPANY'S BUSINESS HAVE GREATLY REDUCED THE LABOR OF EXAMINATION; AND THE WORK HAS BEEN MATERIALLY FACILITATED BY THE ACCURACY AND FULLNESS OF THE MORTGAGE AND REAL ESTATE RECORDS, THE SKILLED SYSTEM IN THE ACTUARY'S DEPARTMENT AND THE GENERAL EXCELLENT BOOK-KEEPING OF THE COMPANY."

As the Insurance Commissioner omits from the Assets of the Company certain items which are not immediately available in the payment of losses, the above surplus is somewhat less than that claimed by the Company.

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.

EDWARD M. NEEDLES, HORATIO S. STEPHENS, Vice Presidents.

HENRY AUSTIN, Secretary. JESSE J. BARKER, Actuary. HENRY C. BROWN, Assistant Sec'y.

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Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores** and **Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre** or **Thick Neck,** and **Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver,** or **"Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

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IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

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The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure